METRO – GOLDWYN – MAYER
proudly presents

The Great Ziegfeld

FOREWORD

IN a Career as far flung as that of Flo Ziegfeld's, the circumstances of Time, Place and Date offered a major problem in adapting the story of his life to the screen . . . That we have taken liberties with such details, at times sacrificing authentic chronology for the sake of condensation and sheer limitations of playing-time, we readily acknowledge. *BUT* if we have done so in the interests of that Entertainment and Glamour for which the name and genius of Flo Ziegfeld so enduringly stood, we ask your indulgence, particularly the indulgence of those who knew him with professional intimacy, with the assurance that in so doing we have nevertheless retained the full spirit and many of the actual events that comprised his Chapter of the American Theatre.

HUNT STROMBERG
Producer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
of " THE GREAT ZIEGFELD "

METRO-Goldwyn MAYER

Presents

The GREAT ZIEGFELD

starring

William POWELL
Myrna LOY Luise RAINER

THE CAST

Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr.	William Powell
Billie Burke	Myrna Loy
Anna Held	Luise Rainer
Billings	Frank Morgan
Fannie Brice	Fannie Brice
Audrey Dane	Virginia Bruce
Sampston	Reginald Owen
Ray Bolger	Ray Bolger
Sidney	Ernest Cossart
Dr. Ziegfeld	Joseph Cawthorne
Sandow	Nat Pendleton
Harriet Hoctor	Harriet Hoctor
Mary Lou	Jean Chatburn
Erlanger	Paul Irving
Costumer	Herman Bing
Pianist	Charles Judels
Maid	Marcelle Corday
Press Agent	Raymond Walburn
A. A. Trimble as Will Rogers	
Buddy Doyle as Eddie Cantor	

THE PRODUCTION STAFF

Producer : HUNT STROMBERG Director : ROBERT Z. LEONARD Author : WM. ANTHONY McGUIRE Dances and Ensembles Staged by SEYMOUR FELIX Special Music and Lyrics by WALTER DONALDSON and HAROLD ADAMSON Harriet Hoctor Ballet Music by CON CONRAD Lyrics by HERB MAGIDSON Musical Direction by ARTHUR LANGE Arrangements by FRANK SKINNER Art Direction by CEDRIC GIBBONS Associates : MERRIL PYE, JOHN HARKRIDER, EDWIN B. WILLIS Gowns and Fashion Parades by ADRIAN Photographed by OLIVER T. MARSH, A.S.C. Ziegfeld Roof Numbers by GEORGE FOLSEY, A.S.C., and KARL FREUND, A.S.C. Melody Number by RAY JUNE, A.S.C. Hoctor Ballet by MERRITT B. GERSTAD, A.S.C. Film Editor : WILLIAM S. GRAY History : Story and screen play by WM. ANTHONY McGUIRE. Suggested by romances and incidents in the life of America's greatest showman, FLORENZ ZIEGFELD, JR. In the Production of THE GREAT ZIEGFELD, Mr. Stromberg extends appreciation for the co-operation of his assisting staff : Sam Zimbalist R. A. Golden Art Smith John Hoffman Sid Algiers

WHO'S WHO IN "THE GREAT

WILLIAM POWELL

To find the right man to play Florenz Zeigfeld, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer appealed to his wife, Billie Burke. Whom would she suggest as the most likely actor to play her beloved husband ? Miss Burke replied : " I visualize Mr. Powell as the only person capable of bringing Mr. Ziegfeld back to life on the screen . . . not because of any resemblance, but because he possesses certain characteristics which make me think of Flo every time I see him." William Powell's portrayal of The Great Ziegfeld covers a forty year period in the showman's life.

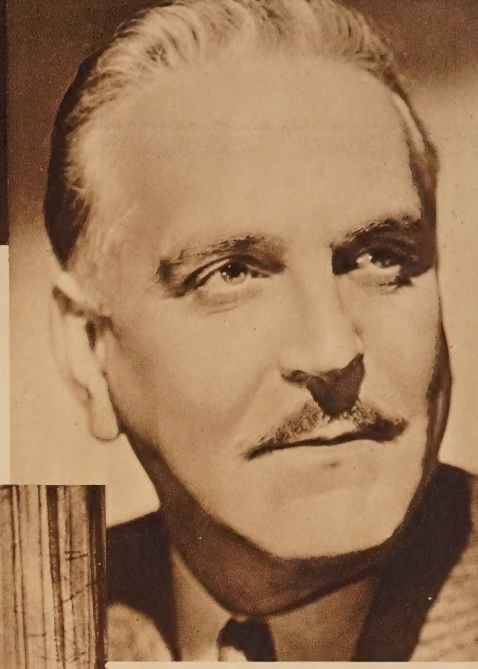
LUISE RAINER

The eyes have it ! And that is one of the big reasons lovely Rainer, Viennese star, and the girl with " Europe's Most Beautiful Eyes " was selected to play the role of Anna Held. Anna was famous for her large, lustrous eyes . . . . eyes that would not behave . . . eyes that twinkled with a pseudo naughtiness . . . eyes that captured the heart of America's greatest showman. Miss Rainer possesses as well the precious qualities which endeared the French star to all who knew her well : gracious femininity, a gentle charm and a half-child, half woman allure.

MYRNA LOY

Myrna Loy is the screen's ideal wife—and William Powell is her perfect movie husband ! They were married in " The Thin Man," " Manhattan Melodrama " and " Evelyn Prentice." " The Great Ziegfeld " again stars them as man and wife. Myrna Loy plays Billie Burke. In reality there are two Billie Burkes—the one her fans know as the delightful comedienne of stage and screen—and the one her friends and family know as the wife of America's great showman and the mother of his daughter. It is the latter Billie Burke Miss Loy portrays in " The Great Ziegfeld."

THE CAST OF ZIEGFELD"



FRANK MORGAN

Frank Morgan plays Billings, worst of Ziegfeld's competitors—and most consistent of his financial saviours in time of need—in short his best friend and severest critic in " The Great Ziegfeld."

NAT PENDLETON

Sandow, the Strong Man ! Ziegfeld's first bid for fame in the entertainment world ! Nat Pendleton plays Sandow with gusto and humour. He dyed his hair pink for the role—and the moustache he grew, too—justifiable sacrifices for " Art ! "

VIRGINIA BRUCE

When it came to selecting someone to play Audrey Dane, most glorious of the Master Showman's glorified beauties in " The Great Ziegfeld," there was only one possible choice : Virginia Bruce. The role of Audrey called for a striking blonde, a perfect figure, and a peaches and cream complexion—assets which Ziegfeld himself glorified when he chose Miss Bruce for one of his last stage revues.

REGINALD OWEN

Even so great a showman as Florenz Ziegfeld needed a business manager ! That character in " The Great Ziegfeld " is portrayed by Reginald Owen, who plays Sampston, the harassed and worrisome keeper of the bills. Fans will remember Owen as Jeanette MacDonald's bewildered manager in " Rose Marie " and as Myrna Loy's unromantic fiance in " Petticoat Fever."

JEAN CHATBURN

Jean Chatburn leaps from movie obscurity to distinction by her portrayal of the girl " Mary Lou."

"THE GREAT ZIEGFELD"

The Story of the Film

"WON'T You Come and Play Wiz Me?" As the lovely girl sang, her eyes smiled in mischief. With a mirror she reflected the spotlight rays upon her audience. She flashed it here and there, picking out now this one and that, much to the amusement of a man in an upper box.

She was a find, he thought to himself—well worth travelling all the way from Chicago to London for! He laughed as he thought of Chicago and the World's Fair. Hadn't he cleaned up a fortune with his Midway concession—a fortune that enabled him to come to England to sign up this glamorous, luscious Anna Held who was the toast of the Continent? The contract assigning him, J. Billings as her manager was in her dressing room. The deal was as good as closed.

He watched her as she sang her way across the stage to the extreme box on the other side. He gasped as he recognized the occupant of that box. Ziegfeld! What the dickens was Ziegfeld doing in the theatre? Confound the man. That very afternoon he had loaned Ziggy the return fare to America. But Ziggy hadn't gone—what was he up to? Why had he come to the theatre? Who had told him that Billings was interested in signing up Anna Held? He must be after her himself; and when Ziegfeld set out for a thing—especially if a lady was involved—he got it!

A sudden calm dispersed his anger. He'd forgotten for the moment that Ziegfeld was stoney broke. The £10,000 Ziggy made with Sandow the Strong Man had been spent in one week at Monte Carlo. He couldn't sign up Anna Held without any funds . . . but then, you never could foretell what he could or couldn't do. Hadn't he turned Sandow the flop of the Midway into the greatest attraction at the World's Fair? Hadn't he always stolen every girl that Billings had set a tender eye upon? Hadn't he taken away Billings' valet, Sidney, from right under his nose? Ziegfeld somehow got away with things. He was full of tricks, too; like sending telegrams when it was just as simple to shout the message; like tipping messenger boys and waiters when he hadn't the price of a meal in his pocket; like munching chocolates instead of chewing gum; like collecting ivory elephants for luck. At the word luck, Billings grew nervous. Ziegfeld certainly had luck. He reached for his hat and cane as the crowd burst into wild applause for Anna Held. He glared across at Ziegfeld's box—and controlled his desire to roar. The box was empty!

Billings rushed backstage to Anna's dressing room and pounded on the door. The maid opened it. "Madame is busy," she announced, and closed it in his face—but not before he had taken in the picture of Ziegfeld and Anna bent over a contract. Also not before he had seen the huge porcelain elephant filled with hundreds of orchids. Porcelain elephants and orchids—that was Ziggy's touch! Why the man had actually spent the money Billings had lent him for his fare home, on porcelain and orchids for Anna Held!

Billings stamped away in a rage. No use trying to sign her up now. He knew her manager would be Florenz Ziegfeld.

So Ziegfeld took Anna to New York in a blaze of publicity. There were Anna Held hats—Anna Held shoes—Anna Held corsets—Anna Held cosmetics—but for some reason the public preferred established favourites.

Box office receipts fell off.

More publicity! Better publicity! Unique publicity! was Ziegfeld's cry. He must get Anna Held the kind of publicity which would establish her in New York as she was already established in Paris and London.

He succeeded—but only over Anna's protests and tears. It was the milk bath story which conquered America's disinterest in foreign talent as exemplified by the glamorous Miss Held.

"I am a singer," she wept. "I have success in France and England, because I sing. In America I must take a bath in milk to be successful. I will not do it."

"As you like, dear," he answered, "but every day I shall send you four cans of milk; twenty gallons of milk. You can do what you like with it; but the papers shall say you bathe in it."

When Anna discovered her name plastered all over the front page, it was the last straw. "Ziegfeld Sued for Anna Held's Milk Bill," ran the headlines.

"I will not see the reporters," she stormed. "I am humiliated."

She glared at him, but before his smile the anger slowly left her face.

And the milk bath craze swept the country. Now Anna Held was someone everybody wanted to see and hear. The girl who took milk baths for her beauty! Once the public had seen her, they returned again and again. Her songs, her charm, her pseudo naughtiness, her beautiful eyes, her skin, made her the greatest name in the theatre!

Three supremely happy years followed for them both. Fortune smiled at them in their marriage and in every show they produced.

Her happiness knew no bounds. Every day he sent her gifts. The daily bouquet of orchids became a ritual.

His most beautiful gift, a diamond necklace and matching bracelet, marked the first anniversary of their wedding and their first serious quarrel.

"Flo," she asked," are you as happy as I am?"

"Happier," he answered.

"Sometimes I think I am too happy," she sighed. "Sometimes I get afraid it won't always be like this—working only for you, while you do ze show just for me."

He was silent a moment. "Couldn't I do another show without spoiling our happiness?" he asked cautiously.

"Of course you could." The smile left her face

"Perhaps Madam would like to feel the muscles of the Great Sandow?" said Ziegfeld invitingly.

and her mood changed abruptly. "Do you want to do some other show?" she asked.

"Well," he smiled, "now that you're so successful, I'd like to do something for myself. I mean I've got a great idea I want to carry out.

"Idea for a show?" she asked fearfully. "With music and girls?"

"Beautiful girls," he nodded.

"And without me. Yes?" Her voice was bitter.

He sensed her jealousy and changed the subject.

A show with music and beautiful girls. That was his dream.

Anna's jealousy and Ziegfeld's lack of funds were two obstacles. Somehow getting the money was easier than placating Anna. There was always Billings—Billings always had money or knew where to get it.

"I'm broke," insisted Billings when they met. "That's why I'm hooked up with Klaw and Erlanger now."

"Suits me," replied Ziggy. "Erlanger is the man I need. I want to do a new show—a big show. All he has to do is put up the money and furnish the theatre."

"But you'll furnish the star?" Billings asked,

"No—this show isn't for Anna. She's all set. In this one I'm going to star the girls."

"Don't be ridiculous," protested Billings. "Without personalities you haven't a chance."

"I'll have personalities—but mostly blondes and brunettes. Not the kind of girl show you've ever seen before either. I want to put silk drapes on the stage—and lace—and beautiful girls. I'll dress them—not for the bald-headed men in the front row—but for the women in the last row. I'll glorify them."

He stopped short. "Glorify?" he repeated. "Say—that's the word. Glorify." He paused. "Glorify the American Girl" he said and looked into space as if he saw the words shining in lights.

They glittered in lights not long afterwards, announcing the greatest musical New York had ever seen. Girls, girls, girls. Gloriously beautiful. Stars—Eddie Cantor, Bert Williams, and that gangling cowboy, Will Rogers.

Somehow Will's lariat work slowed up the show, although his occasional patter to the audience was hilarious.

"Why don't you talk more and rope less," suggested Ziegfeld. "Your wife tells me you keep her laughing all the time, just talking about things you read in the papers. Try it!"

That was the start of Roger's career as America's Ambassador of Good Will.

The ideas for the shows were Ziegfeld's—but the worries were Sampston's, his manager. Bills, bills, bills piled high on all sides. Ziggy spent money for his shows with the lavishness of a Potentate. There was no curtailing of expenses; faster than the money rolled in, it was spent; but the shows went merrily on.

Stars and girls were happy and thrilled working for him. Never had show girls been given such costumes or such opportunities. Never had girls been as beautiful as they were in his shows.

Perhaps the most beautiful of them all was Audrey Dane. Audrey could have been a great star, but she had a weakness for champagne. He had to handle the problem personally in order to keep her fit for a performance. His interest in her was purely professional—she was the most beautiful in his collection of loveliness. There was no girl who could compare with Audrey. He could no more relinquish her beauty in his productions than he could let down on the cost of his shows or the extravagance that went into producing them.

How to keep Audrey from drinking became a serious problem. He solved it with gifts for her good behaviour. Jewels were what she wanted, and jewels were what she received. And the girl, with a keen eye on Ziggy and an envy of Anna, saw to it that her name, her jewels and Ziegfeld were the source of back-stage conversation.

Anna felt the first pangs of jealousy. But she kept her head; she knew her Flo loved her as she did him; Audrey was a matter of business. She mustn't read into the situation what wasn't there. Yet Audrey parted them eventually, bringing about their divorce, which was followed by the complete rift between Ziggy and herself. But not before Ziegfeld had gone on and on, producing bigger shows; making himself the greatest theatre name in the country.

It was for the newest of these shows that he wanted a different kind of talent. What? He didn't know for sure. Where to find it? He hadn't the faintest idea. Someone suggested a girl down at the old Dewey Burlesque Theatre. Burlesque? He laughed in derision—but he went down.

He read her name on the programme as he watched her work. Fannie Brice. She had something. No doubt about that. How could he fit her into his shows, he wondered?

"I don't see how you expect to find any great stars in a place like this," protested Audrey, who stood beside him.

"Some of our greatest stars have come from places like this," he answered, and took her mink coat to hold for her. "Wait here. I'll be back in a minute," and with her coat still on his arm, he left for back-stage.

Inside the cheap dressing room Fannie Brice sewed up the run in her stocking.

"Believe me," she said to the girl at the makeup table next her, "I'll never buy a bargain from one of those stage door peddlers again!"

"You said that before. Why did you let the fellow in?"

"He told the doorman his name was Dillingham."

"And you thought it was the producer, Mr. Dillingham," jeered the other, "calling to see you?"

"Well," shrugged Fannie. "I was optimistic."

A knock on the door cut her short.

"Miss Brice," called the stage manager. "Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld is here to see you."

"Aha!" she shouted. "Another peddler! First it's Dillingham—now it's Ziegfeld.

The stage manager opened the door. Ziegfeld, the mink coat still on his arm, stood behind him.

"Pardon this intrusion, Miss Brice, but I'm Mr. Ziegfeld."

"You try to make fool of me," accused Anna Held, "Please go! Marie, open the door." Ziegfeld bowed his farewell.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026 with funding from
anonymous donation in memory of Carolyn Hauer

https://archive.org/details/souv-great-ziegfeld-1

SCENES
from the
FILM

"Is that so?" she answered. "Well, if you run into your friend Dillingham, tell him his stockings are terrible."

"Do you know Charlie Dillingham?" questioned Ziegfeld.

"Better than you know Ziegfeld," she retorted. "Well—come on—how much do you want for the coat?"

"Miss Brice," he protested, "I'm really here to offer you a great opportunity—"

"I know—that's what they all say—what's the price of the coat?"

He smiled. "It's mink; it cost twenty-seven hundred dollars."

"I'll give you forty for it—now get out before I change my mind."

Ziegfeld handed her the coat, and with a burst of laughter took her forty dollars and left. A few minutes later the stage manager returned with a note.

"Dear Fannie Brice," it read. "I shall expect you at my office in the New Amsterdam to-morrow, as I want to engage you for my new show."

Fannie let out a shriek! "It was Ziegfeld!" And collapsed on the floor.

She reported to his office next day. At last she was to be given a chance to wear beautiful clothes—to be feminine and alluring! Ziegfeld had other plans.

"What are you made up for?" he shouted when she reported for rehearsal. "I didn't engage you for your looks—"

She burst into tears.

"Sing that song"—he commanded.

"I can't—I'm crying," she sobbed.

"That's the way to sing it," he stormed.

And the tearful "My Man" became Fannie Brice's first claim to fame on Broadway.

Success after success followed. One day he was up—one day down; but with his genius for showmanship he always found the means to stage a new show. Business boomed. Fame was his. "Sally" and "Kid Boots" kept up his standards. Only now life was so lonely. His work and Anna had filled his life so completely he hadn't needed anything else. For the first time he found the time to attend social affairs. One of them was the costume ball at the famous Sixty Club.

At the Sixty Club he spied Billings with the loveliest girl he had ever seen in his life. She was slender, charming, her red-gold hair framing the delicate features of her face; enhancing the whiteness of her skin. Billings glanced quickly at him and whirled his partner out of Ziegfeld's way. He was taking no chances. Billie Burke had come to the ball only by the special permission of her producer, Mr. Frohman. It was the first time Frohman had broken the ironclad rule that his stars must not attend public functions.

Ziegfeld followed them with his eyes. There was a girl he wanted to meet. There was a girl he did meet.

There was a girl he married.

Five years elapsed with happiness piling high in the Ziegfeld home. Now there were three of them—Ziggy, Billie and Patricia, their daughter. But somehow life seemed to be taking its toll. He had persistent bad luck in his shows.

Then came the day when, in a barber shop, he heard three men discussing him. "He's all washed up," they said.

"I'll have four shows on Broadway in no time," he shouted back at them.

Depressed in spite of himself, he told his wife of the incident. "They're right," he said. "I'm through."

"Flo," she cried, "I'm disappointed in you. I didn't think you'd ever lose confidence in yourself. It's been your sublime superiority more than anything else that has made up for many of your faults—and you have faults, dear, you know that. Don't be afraid of yourself."

She rose from her chair, kissed him, and crossed the room to her wall safe. She opened it, then turned to him. "In here is all the jewellery you've ever given me—thousands of dollars worth; and

"Billie," said Ziegfeld pathetically, "I'm all through. I'm slipping. I'm . . . getting old."

many more thousands in bonds I bought myself. I've been saving it all for Patricia—but I'm going to give it to you on one condition—and that is you keep your boast and have four hits on Broadway."

"Rio Rita," "Rosalie," "Three Musketeers" and "Showboat" soon proved how he had made his boast good.

Money poured into the box office and out again into the shows; into his plans for newer and bigger productions.

For once Sampston was at peace. "We don't have to worry any more," he beamed.

"You don't even have to hope," laughed Ziegfeld. "Don't you realize what I've been doing on the market?"

"What?" shouted Sampston.

"I've been buying stocks. I've got over a million."

"Outright?" questioned the other quickly.

"No—on margin—but all solid securities. And when they're paid for I'll buy another million—and then another—I'm going to be really rich, Sampston." The ringing of his phone interrupted him.

"Hello? What?" His face grew ashen white. "No!" he shouted. "No! No!" The receiver fell from his hand.

"What is it, sir?" cried Sampston.

"The market," whispered Ziggy. "I mortgaged the show to make the payment on that stock—and it's crashing." He looked up frantically. "Get Billings—get Billings—"

But Billings too was wiped out.

The market had crashed for them all.

* * *

The dimming lights of the "Showboat" sign at the Ziegfeld Theatre cast their gleam into the hotel suite across the way. At the window, gazing listlessly upon the scene outside, sat Ziegfeld.

His Billie had gone back to work. She was starring in "The Marquis." He shook his head. He never thought his wife would have to act again.

"Did you send those wires, Sidney?" he called to his valet. "Did you reach Eddie Cantor on the phone? Get him. Tell him I want him for a new show. Take a wire to Bill Fields—and one to Rogers. Didn't Rogers answer my other wire? Did you send the exact wire I told you to? Did you tell him I needed him for my new show?"

The valet answered the door.

"Mr. Billings," whispered Sidney. "He'll be so glad to see you. He was just dictating a wire to you."

Billings grinned. "That ain't news, Sidney. When Ziegfeld doesn't wire—that's news. Where is he? In there?" He ambled into the room. "Hello, Flo." He sat down opposite the sick man and looked at him long. "Say—you've been kiddin' folks, haven't you?" he laughed. "You don't look sick to me."

"I'm all right now," smiled Ziegfeld. "All I want, Billings, is some money for my new show."

"Don't worry about that," said Billings, "I think we can deal with that all right. How much?"

Billings had no money but he suspected Ziggy would soon have no need for money.

They talked of shows and new ideas until Billings felt that Ziegfeld was tiring himself. He got up to go.

"I'll be back to-morrow—we'll go over the details of the new show then." He shook his old friend's hand and left. Sidney took him to the door and returned to find his master walking up and down the room. "Don't tax your strength, sir," he begged.

"I've got to do things—didn't you hear what he said? Now I'll get Cantor, Bill Fields—Fannie Brice. I'll do the greatest show I've ever done—I'll—" he stopped as his voice broke. "Oh, Sidney," he wailed, "I'm terribly broke."

Sidney helped him into his chair. "You've been broke before, sir," he smiled.

"Yes, and I always laughed at it; but I can't laugh any more, Sidney, because I've been wrong. I've got nothing to leave Billie or my baby."

"Nothing, sir?" asked Sidney. "You'll leave them memories of the finest things ever done on the stage, sir—"

"That was nice of you, Sidney, to say that," whispered Ziegfeld. His voice grew strangely weak. His arms dropped limply to the side of his chair, and the gardenia he held in his hand fell to the floor.

The Great Ziegfeld had gone to rest, leaving behind the memory of the finest things ever done on the stage.

PRODUCING "THE GREAT ZIEGFELD" A GIGANTIC TASK ENTAILING A YEAR OF PRE-FILMING EFFORT

Myrna Loy and William Powell on the set with Director Robert Z. Leonard at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

FILMING "The Great Ziegfeld" at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios was a task of tremendous proportions that taxed the resources of the entire production staff.

The first consideration was the story itself, which had to encompass not only the entertainment and glamour for which the genius of Flo Ziegfeld so enduringly stood, but also the far-flung and amazing career of the man himself. Here was a tale so wide in scope, so brilliant in colour and so thrilling in content that it seemed impossible to keep within the confines of any one motion picture production.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer selected Wm. Anthony McGuire to write the story and screen play and to assist Producer Hunt Stromberg and Director Robert Z. Leonard as consultant in production. Actual associate of Mr. Ziegfeld and author of some of his great stage presentations, Mr. McGuire recaptured in the story you see in "The Great Ziegfeld" the full spirit and drama of the events that comprised the Master Showman's Chapter in the history of the stage.

Atmospheric authenticity was demanded by Producer Stromberg and Director Leonard. Months of research prefaced the decision to include scenes, sequences and legends surrounding the personality of Ziegfeld himself. The choice of stars and players who enact the one hundred and five speaking roles in the picture was based upon their ability to portray the characters involved in the story without attempt to imitate or impersonate the actual men and women who peopled Ziegfeld's life, personal and professional.

Even Ziegfeld's own method of preparing a stage production for big metropolitan audiences was utilized. A complete dress rehearsal, similar to his night-before-the-premiere presentations, was accorded each musical number in the picture.

Bulletins from Producer Stromberg and Director Leonard kept Art Director Cedric Gibbons' department on its toes. "Reconstruct the famous Midway of the Chicago World's Fair of 1893." . . . "Build replicas of the old Dewey Burlesque, the Palace Music Hall in London, the Herald Square, Casino, New Ziegfeld, Lyric, Majestic and Ziegfeld Roof Theatres in New York."

Nor were they all. Sections of many famous hotels as they were a quarter of a century ago were reconstructed with painstaking care—Ziegfeld's suite in the Ansonia, Anna Held's apartment at the Savoy, the gambling casino of Monte Carlo. The production also called for a replica of the popular Sixty Club, where Ziegfeld first met Billie Burke, who after became his wife. A faithful copy of Ziegfeld's home and numerous theatrical offices, including "Ziggy's" own, were also needed.

Against such backgrounds, each memorializing an actual setting that figured in the life of the Master Showman, Director Robert Z. Leonard put his cast through their paces.

And producer, director, camera-men, props, cast, dance director, art and costume departments—in short, the entire personnel of Hunt Stromberg's producing staff, played their splendid parts in honour of the one and only Ziegfeld—The Great Ziegfeld.

Producer Hunt Stromberg, with "Naughty Marietta" and "Rose Marie," two outstanding musical hits, to his credit, now brings the most ambitious production of his career.

The camera snaps the glorified girls as they take time out to rest between rehearsals.

CHOOSING THE "LOVELIES" FOR "THE GREAT ZIEGFELD" A SEARCH FOR BEAUTY COVERING 7,000 MILES

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD maintained that no one section of America held a monopoly on beautiful women. His belief is well borne out by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's selection of the forty-four girls who play the glorified beauties in "The Great Ziegfeld."

An area of 7,000 miles is represented by this crop of loveliness, for it took nineteen States, Alaska and Canada to yield the forty-four beauties ultimately chosen out of the hundreds screen-tested.

One was found on a fashion magazine page. One was discovered at a brilliant social function. One was spotted in the front row of a Broadway musical show. One was spied working in a Hollywood shoe shop. One was encountered at a college football game. And one was an inmate of an orphanage. So the search went on, until the social, theatre, business, art and school worlds found their way to Hollywood in the persons of these superbly beautiful girls.

Long hair, height and intelligence, three Ziegfeld standards of beauty, were observed in choosing these girls.

Seymour Felix, dance director of "The Great Ziegfeld," who acted in a similar capacity for the original Ziegfeld stage productions, said: "I considered their brains before I did their legs; they dance with their brains."

A glance into their educational backgrounds revealed the fact that exclusive seminaries, convents and colleges for the most part gave them their schooling—and so into the discard goes the old "Beauty But No Brains" fetish.

"The Great Ziegfeld" beauties represent a unique combination of physical perfection and keenness of mind, plus the ability to work hard to achieve their ambitions.

Fourteen aspire to be actresses; ten to become dancers. Twelve are studying painting and sculpture; two, interior decorating. One wants a musical comedy career. Radio singing, writing and even law, figure among the ambitions confessed by the remainder of the forty-four. Perhaps the most unusual is the beauty who wants some day to own a home for stray pets.

Certainly the question of heart-interest is justifiably asked of girls as lovely as these! All but one are interested in marriage, a husband, a home and children. Some believe only an English husband will do. One will promise to love, honour and cherish none but an Irishman. Seven waive the question of nationality, and one lone beauty insists that marriage and a career can never be mixed—and she chooses a career. The ideal age for marriage, by majority vote, is twenty-five.

These beauties have their literary favourites, too, with Dickens, Somerset Maugham, Mark Twain, Gene Fowler, Stefan Zweig, Pearl Buck, Shakespeare and Tennyson ranking high.

Not that any suspicion of blue-stocking invades their performance in "The Great Ziegfeld!" In this, they are all for the eye, and all for the delight of a beauty-loving public. That is their purpose in the picture, and it is a purpose magnificently fulfilled.

As to how they retain that loveliness, exercise is their unanimous answer. All of these shapely, girls pursue some sport—swimming, walking, dancing, tennis and horseback riding are prime favourites, with golf, rope jumping and that "daily dozen" as additional aids in keeping the beauty with which they are blessed.

The standards and tradition of beauty as set down by Florenz Ziegfeld are perfectly exemplified by the glorified girls in "The Great Ziegfeld."

Jack Dawn, M-G-M's make-up artist, assisted Seymour Felix in choosing the girls who were to be glorified in "The Great Ziegfeld." Each girl was fitted to a chart that noted the perfect measurements according to Ziegfeld standards. The leg measurements are those of Toni Lanier, whose limbs Ziegfeld called "The most perfect in the world." Miss Lanier is a member of the chorus of glorified girls who play in "The Great Ziegfeld."

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

LOVES
DREAM

Musical Numbers in "The Great Ziegfeld"

1. I WISH YOU'D COME AND PLAY WITH ME
   Luise Rainer
2. IT'S DELIGHTFUL TO BE MARRIED
   Luise Rainer and LILLIAN RUSSELL GIRLS
3. THE ZIEGFELD FOLLIES :
   (a) Buddy Doyle as EDDIE CANTOR
   (b) Irving Berlin's A PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY
4. THE ZIEGFELD ROOF . . . MIDNIGHT FROLICS :
   (a) YOU GOTTA PULL STRINGS
   The Glorified Girls
   (b) SHE'S A FOLLIES GIRL
   Ray Bolger and The Glorified Girls
   (c) YOU
   Honeymoon Cottage
   Ziegfeld Brides and Grooms
   Honeymoon Bedroom
   Ziegfeld Bridal Girls
   (d) YOU NEVER LOOKED SO BEAUTIFUL
   Virginia Bruce and Chorus
   (e) PARADE OF THE GLORIFIED GIRLS
   Gowns by Adrian
5. YIDDLE ON YOUR FIDDLE
   Fannie Brice and Burlesque Girls
6. MY MAN
   Fannie Brice
7. A CIRCUS MUST BE DIFFERENT IN A ZIEGFELD SHOW
   Harriet Hoctor and Ballet

— and —

" Look for the Silver Lining " (from SALLY) ...Jerome Kern
" A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody " ... ...Irving Berlin
" March of the Musketeers " (from THE THREE MUSKETEERS)
Rudolf Friml
" Ol' Man River " (from SHOWBOAT) ... ...Jerome Kern
" Making Whoopee " (from WHOOPEE) Donaldson and Kahn
" Rio Rita " (from RIO RITA) ... ...Tierney and McCarthy
" Someone Loves You After All " (from KID BOOTS)
Tierney and McCarthy
" Tulip Time " ... ...Dave Stamper
" If You Knew Susie " ... ...B. G. De Sylva

(To these eminent composers, whose never-to-be-forgotten melodies contribute to the History and Tradition of THE GREAT ZIEGFELD, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer offers Acknowledgment and Appreciation.)

The World is waiting for—

NORMA SHEARER
LESLIE HOWARD
in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"ROMEO AND JULIET"

To the famed producer Irving Thalberg go the honours for bringing to the screen with tenderness and reverence William Shakespeare's imperishable love story.

The Cast:

NORMA SHEARER,
LESLIE HOWARD,
JOHN BARRYMORE,

Edna May Oliver, C. Aubrey Smith, Basil Rathbone, Andy Devine, Ralph Forbes, Reginald Denny, and many other great players.

GEORGE CUKOR, Director